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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

"WHAT HA' YE DONE?"

And they came to the gate within the wall, where Peter holds the keys;
"Stand up, stand up now, Tomlinson, and answer loud and high,
The good that ye did for the sake of men or ever ye came to die—
The good that ye did for the sake of men in little earth so lone!"
And the naked soul of Tomlinson grew white as a rain-washed bone.

"This I have read in a book," he said, 'and this was told to me,
And this I have thought that another man thought of a prince in Muscovy"—
And Peter twirled the jangling keys in weariness and wrath,
"Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought,' he said, "and the tale is yet to run:
By worth of the body that once ye had, give answer—what ha' ye done?"

—Rudyard Kipling.

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

OUR JAPANESE PROBLEM.

It will be gratifying to all persons with a world consciousness and with the spirit of brotherhood to learn that the discussion of the Japanese immigration and land question at the Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity showed an almost unanimosu sentiment against legislation of a discriminating character.

Inasmuch as our legislature has enacted such a measure and it is likely to receive the approval of the governor and become a law, it is to be hoped that there will be early pronouncement on it by the federal courts, or that by a referendum the sober judgment of the voters of the state will defeat it.

The Japanese government has for several years regulated immigration in such a manner that the number of Japanese in the state has decreased; there were only 1935 more acres of land owned by Japanese in California at the close of the year 1912 than there were in 1909, and the whole number of acres in December 1912 was only 12,726. The situation was not accordingly a public menace, and no summary legislation was demanded. President Wilson should have been allowed to settle the matter by diplomatic negotiations. The Japanese government does not want the state overrun and dominated by the Japanese people; nor do the citizens of any part of our own country desire that.

Very few people have the vision to see it; but all things, as we see them, point to a time when Japanese will be eligible to citizenship in this country, and when we shall realize that there is no more difficulty as to assimilation than there is with other races long eligible. The Rev. Dr. Sidney Gulick who has made a profound study of the Japanese declares that the social and psychic characteristics differentiating the Japanese from other races are due to the nature of the social order that has prevailed among them. "All inherent differences, if they really exist," says Dr. Gulick, "are so vague and intangible as practically to defy discovery."

Carry forgiveness into your life, and remember that a chip of remembrance sometimes becomes a log of remorse. Try to forget the evil and remember the good.

HOW A STRONG CHURCH WAS BUILT UP IN JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI.

The Rev. Dr. Palmore, editor of the St. Louis Christian Advocate, tells how he, with the aid of Presbyterians for four years, built up a strongMethodist Church in the capital city of Missouri. When he went there in 1879 to be pastor of the Southern Methodist church, there was in existence there also a Northern Methodist church—each having about fifty members and struggling under the burden of indebtedness. The two churches were kept alive by friction generated by a sort of "Kilkenney cat fight," the causes, events and issues of the civil war figuring prominently therein. The Southern thought that Dr. Palmore would make a splendid fight. But in this they were in error. He determined to know no South and no North. Whenever in any of his sermons he used a civil war illustration, mentioning the name of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson or some other leader, he took care to use also in the same sermon the name of Grant or Sherman or some other Northern leader. Dr. Palmore hadn't been there very long before he had as his Sunday-school superintendent a man who marched with Sherman through Georgia and ere long effected a union of the two Methodisms which continues to the present day. How the Presbyterians contributed to this end will be seen in the following paragraph:

"When I went to Jefferson City the Presbyterians had no pastor. My father, who died when I was six weeks old, was an elder in the Presbyterian church. On this string I played so harmoniously, persistently and successfully, that the Presbterians called no pastor during my four years there. Prof. White, of Philadelphia, Superintendent of the public schools in Jefferson, directed our music and his accomplished wife played our pipe organ. These well educated, noble Presbyterians not only lent us their services, but contributed to our support as liberally as if I had been for-ordained from all eternity to be their pastor! And thus the two Methodisms were united into one harmonious, prosperous and great church, now constituting the backbone or bulk of Jefferson City Protestantism."

Dr. Palmore says now that many people are asking: "If such a union could be so successfully, economically and prosperously accomplished in a city, why not in the whole world?" We believe that it can be; and furthermore we believe that the signs of the times indicate that ere many years roll around the two great Methodist churches in the United States will be united; and the Northern and Southern Presbyterian churches also. The meeting this month simultaneously of the two general assemblies in the city of Atlanta will further that union.

Through the very consciousness of imperfection man gains an ideal which rises above and beyond experience. If man is dissatisfied with experience, dissastisfied with himself, he becomes aware of limits beyond which he would pass, and in so doing he reaches after a standpoint which is further on.

We are always inspired, but we incessantly stifle the inspiration. God does not cease to speak; but the noise of the creatures without and of our passions within confuses us, and prevents our hearing. We must silence every creature, including self, that in the deep stillness of the soul we may perceive the ineffable voice.—Fenelon.

A pure love and a pure life are synonymous.

A CLUB OF ALL THE NATIONS.

There are clubs in several cities in the United States composed of several different nationalities. The New York Post contained recently an account of one in New York which had in its membership persons from Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, the two Americas and the Islands of the sea. With some latitude as to name The Post terms it "A Club of All the Nations." We condense an account of it:

At a students' club in New York foreigners studying in the universities and colleges of the city meet each Sunday afternoon, and Chinese, and Japanese, and Hindus discuss world politics with their friends from Europe and South America. There are also North Americans in the Club, which has some right to call itself cosmopolitan. If you drop in you may find a knot of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians over in one corner talking over the Balkan situation with equal harmony and freedom, in spite of their racial and religious differences. Most of them, by the way, are specializing in the study of economical and political problems.

At six o'clock sixty to a hundred men representing all the continents and most of the nations and races sit down to supper together. Perhaps they have only bread and milk with apples and cocoa; or it may be baked beans and ham sandwiches. The food is prepared and served by themselves, each taking a turn at serving the others.

Each man wears his name written on a slip of paper and pinned to the lapel of his coat. These tags are not only a means of rapid identification, but they are effective in overcoming the difficulties of national language barriers. It is a rule of the Club that no one shall be seated next to one of his own countrymen. Your neighbor on one side may be a Russian or a Japanese, on the other a Turk or a Greek.

The Americans are sprinkled about—Chilians, Argentinos, Mexicans, Canadians, and four or five belonging to the United States—usually men who have spent a part of their lives in China, Japan, Turkey, teaching, perhaps, in those countries. The red-haired man from Missouri is also there. He spends a part of his time explaining to the Orientals and the Europeans just why it is that people laugh when he tells them that he is "from Missouri." After the supper there is a brief address by some man well known in some field of social work or education.

The East Indians are in the habit of holding meetings late on Sunday evening after the supper. If you are present you may listen as they rise one after another and each gives his opinion as to the best way to throw off the British yoke. Or S. Singh, from Bombay, may tell a few of his best stories, or J. K. Banerji, from Calcutta, do a few juggling and sleight-of-hand tricks. On one occasion Dr. Chakraberty, a high caste Hindu, gave a lecture on the different religions of the world. At the close a lively argument was started among the Buddhists, Brahmins, Mohammedans, Confucians, and Christians present. No blows or bloodshed followed.

Among these cosmopolites the Chinese are pre-eminently the scholars. They are fairly steeped in learning and it is for the most part the American university brand, although some of them have studied in German, French, and English universities as well. In New York they are to be found in every phase of educational work, though predominantly they are students of politics, government, and education. Ten or more of the younger men are studying engineering. Wen Pin-Wei, who is preparing his doctor's thesis in political economy and finance, was consulted by C. C. Wong, the director of the Peking-Mukden Railroad, regarding the Chinese loan when he was in this country. H. C. Mei, a Phi Beta Kappa man of Columbia University, is at present finishing his course in the Columbia Law School. H. K. Tong, a student of the School of Journalism, is an authority on international law and matters of publicity among the Chinese. Tong preached revolution on the streets of Shanghai more than six years ago, and so effectively that his fiery oratory actually led to a minor uprising. Most of these men will return to their own country to occupy places of importance.

Joshua Z. Nyi, of Canton, was giving some reasons the other day why a republic was a suitable form of government for China. An Ottoman student pointed out the failure of the revolution in Turkey, and asked if the Chinese were any better prepared for self-government than the Turks. It was promptly argued that the inhabitants of China proper were a homogeneous people, while Turkey was rent by the jealousies of a dozen nationalities.

Ahmed Emin Bey is one of the Ottoman students of New York who decided that the greatest service that they could perform for their fatherland in the present trouble in Turkey was to remain in this country during the war. Deliberately they debated the question of returning, and it was their decision that Turkey needed educated men more than she did soldiers. Emin is a student of political economy and journalism.

In the Club the Japanese are known as men of business. They will inform you that Japan is now most in need of modern business methods, and that is what they are here for.

Some of these cosmopolitan students live at the clubhouse at No. 554 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street. Some of the men who earn their own way take care of the rooms, wait on the tables, and wash dishes. Many are self-supporting in whole or in part. Some of the Chinese, Japanese, and Indians get well paid for lecture work. Tong has paid the most of his college expenses for the last four years by his literary and journalistic work.

The casual visitor to the Sunday night suppers is impressed with the spirit of good-fellowship. Every one reaches out a welcome hand to every one else as he looks, if he is a newcomer, at the name label on his coat. The Club is always honored with the presence of a few young women, and there is an excellent opportunity for comparative studies in Oriental politeness and European good manners.

Then these men of many races not only talk, they sing. Curiously the "Marseillaise" and "Die Wacht am Rhein," are two of the favorites, though neither the Germans nor the French are strong in numbers in the organization. Songs of the South, college rounds, and some familiar hymns are sung heartily and with a very respectable harmony for an untrained chorus of voices brought together from the ends of the earth.

There are similar groups of young men in the large European cities. Over there they call themselves the "Cordis Fratres," the Heart's Brothers. Their association is frankly in the interest of world-wide peace and a broader knowledge of one another. The red-haired Missourian is not likely to have any nightmare of "yellow peril" about the fellow countrymen of his room-mate from Shanghai; nor will the Chinese have any fanatical delusions of aggression by the American "foreign devils" when he returns to

his Asiatic home. These cosmopolitans, who have rubbed elbows with so many other cosmopolitans, have a saying that "the man who is your enemy is the man you don't know.

DUKHOBORS PROSPER UNDER IRON LEADER.

British Columbia has found that she possesses an empire builder in a small way in the person of Peter Veregin, leader of the Russian Dukhobors in that province. In an official report made by William Blakemore, who was appointed to investigate the Dukhobors to determine their desirability as colonists, a striking picture is drawn of the man who is directing the work of the colony, who now number 7,000 persons.

The Dukhobors were brought to Canada about fifteen years ago in consequence of the persecution to which they had been subjected in Russia for three centuries. They had been led for years by a woman, Lukerya Vasvlyvua Kaimkova, whom Veregin succeeded. The sect split. Veregin's enemies had him exiled to Siberia, and sleighs traveled 2,000 miles over the snow to maintain communication between him and his people.

After the Dukhobors were enabled to migrate to Canada, largely through the efforts of Count Leo Tolstoy, the Society of Friends of England and the Quakers in Philadelphia, things went badly. They first settled in Saskatchewan under unfavorable surroundings. Almost penniless, they arrived in the autumn, with the winter coming fast. Lacking horses and teams, the women pulled the plow and scattered seed, while their husbands and sons went to work on railway construction.

About a year after they arrived an incident occurred that attracted the serious attention of the Canadian Government. Several hundred Dukhobors were induced to abandon their homes and march out unclothed across the snowy prairies on a religious pilgrimage in quest of Christ. It was a crazy proceeding, indulged in by a small number, and condemned by the majority of the community, but it was taken as typical of the sect.

Fearing trouble of a serious character, the Ottawa authorities obtained the release of Veregin from Siberia, and he was brought to Canada to direct their activities. The people settled seriously to the business of farming; they built houses, made their own furniture, poured their wealth as fast as it accumulated, whether produced on the land or outside, into the community treasury, and became prosperous. Five years ago trouble arose over their refusal to become naturalized British citizens. The law deprived such as refused of their homesteads, but allowed them to settle on fifteen acres of land for each member of the family. A serious split in the community resulted. Upward of 1,000 accepted the offer of the Government, left the Dukhobor community, and became naturalized British subjects, thus acquiring homesteads of 160 acres each.

This was a serious blow to the community and to its leader. It meant not only the breaking away from communal life, but the establishment of the idea of individual holdings, a thing inconceivable in Dukhobor minds. From that moment Veregin began to plan to move the community to another province. Within a year and a half Veregin had bought his first land holdings in British Columbia and had moved 2,000 of his people there. Up to this time they have acquired 14,403 acres in British Columbia at a cost of $646,017, and have established four large settlements at Brilliant Glade, Pass Creek, and Grand Forks. They have water works, electric light systems, sawmills, brickyards, and a jam factory.

Veregin is described as a benevolent despot, absolutely devoted to the interests of the Dukhobors, always planning to advance their cause, not enriching himself, exacting implicit obedience and exercising rigid discipline. He is a big man in every sense of the word. The history and traditions of his people, his own sufferings, his contact with great men, have been his education. He inherits the characteristics of his race, among which are strong reasoning capacity, diplomatic skill and subtlety. He is a theocratic czar, possessing not only the genius but the capacity for governing.

Mr. Blakemore, in his report, finds that the Dukhobors are desirable settlers from the standpoint of personal character, farming skill, and general industry. Their refusal to comply with certain laws is based on their religious belief. The report recommends that the Government follow a policy of patience toward them and put pressure on the leaders to obtain compliance with the laws. Mr. Blakemore advises, however, that no more Dukhobors be admitted to the country except on promises to comply strictly with the law of the land.

JACK LONDON'S BARLEYCORN SKETCHES.

The following letter was sent to Mr. Jack London a few days ago. The Pacific is glad to give it wider circulation:

Sacramento, Cal., May 1, 1913.

Mr. Jack London,
Glen Ellen, Calif.

My dear Mr. London:

I have read your John Barleycorn sketches with keen though pathetic interest. The deepest pathos is that your conclusion, as far as your own life is concerned, is both a non-sequitor and an anti-climax to the cumulative and powerful logic of your story. I keep thinking and feeling: He simply must be consistent, and quit! But my wife said all along, "He doesn't mean it. He's writing for the papers." Still I replied, "Wait and see." Now I seem to be disillusioned, and I am about to tally one more score for woman's intuition and one less for man's consistency. You picture the abyss and paint paradise, but you refuse to pass sportsmanlike within your own Eden; or at least you refuse to enter unless John Barleycorn still be allowed an occasional visit. So the canvas is marred, and the paradise of your logic and of your ideal is likely to become a fool's paradise after all. You are still dallying with the old white logic; but you well know that John Barleycorn is no angel of light to be allowed even a look-in upon your Eden. His white logic is only black magic in disguise.

You have used the sword of argument mercilessly and mightily. I had trusted that you would use the scalpel of an inexorable surgery with equal fidelity to extirpate every last fiber and filiment of the malignant cancer. You have left a few roots in the soil of your paradise. You seem still to be toying with the thing that got you. You say that women will yet save us from the saloon and form the strangle grip of John Barleycorn; but you seem not willing to go the limit of self control and of creative assertion to save yourself and to help spare the women—and the children. I thought you were about to top the last divide of gallantry and stamina. I did you the credit of expecting it, even against my wife's inkling.

We have in our home one of those healthy, normal boys

for whom you say you write—a sixteen-year-old lad who thinks you about the classiest author agoing. For his sake I did want you to be drastic enough to cut it out. For your own sake I wanted you to be consistent enough to crown your own logic with the imperial decision to dismiss John Barleycorn absolutely and forever from the court of honor of your life.

I am three-fourths a Socialist, and I share the yearnings of the people; but socialism needs more than yearnings. To its apostolate of industrial democracy, it must add the apostolate of individual discipline of character. Only the chastened and puissant spirits, who in the beauty of personal holiness become socialized souls, will attain irresistible as well as unimpeachable leadership. If, as you predict, there is to be no John Barleycorn in the holy city of the new humanity, it is about time that we began to bury him under the last stone in deepest crypt beneath the temple of our liberties. Believe me,

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

ARTHUR B. PATTEN.

ANENT MYSTICISM.

Editor Pacific:

I recall the following in Prof. Santayana's Poetry and Religion, chapter on "Emerson," p. 225: It seems to me to strike the balance between mysticism as a kind of religious egoism, spriitual conceit, capable of becoming morbid mental states, and that kind of mysticism which is only the poetic sense, the power of the imagination in things religious, akin to symbolism, 'higher pantheism' (as in Tennyson's poem by that name). The devout soul is always mystic in its contemplative moods. You said much of this in your editorial. If you care to print the quotation, it might help the discussion somewhat:

"Sometimes imagination invades the sphere of the understanding and seems to discredit its indispensable work. Common sense, we are allowed to infer, is a shallow affair: True insight changes all that. When so applied poetic imagination is not an unmixed good. It loosens our hold on fact and confuses our intelligence, so that we forget intelligence has itself every prerogrtive of imagination, and has beside the sanction of practical validity. We are made to believe that since the understanding is something human and conditional, something which might have been different, and which we may yet, so to speak, get behind—therefore the understanding ought to be abandoned. We long for higher faculties, neglecting those we have; we yearn for intuition, closing our eyes upon experience.

"Mysticism is the surrender of a category of thought because we divine its relativity. As every new category must share this reproach, the mystic is obliged in the end to give them all up, the poetic and moral categories no less than the physical, so that the end of his purification is the atrophy of his whole nature, the emptying of his whole heart and mind to make room, as he thinks, for God. By attacking the authority of the understanding as the organum of knowledge, by substituting itself for it as the herald of a deeper truth, the imagination thus prepares its own destruction; common sense and poetry must go by the board, and conceience must follow after: for all these are human and relative. Mysticism will be satisfied only with the absolute. The light of life must be extinguished that the light of the absolute may shine, and the possession of everything in general must be secured by the surrender of everything in particular."—(Prof. George Santayana, Harvard.)

W. W. LOVEJOY.

MORE MEDIEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

On the Farallones.

The habits of these seals are peculiar. Nearly all the males (called sea lions) are marked with great scars, made by each other's tusks in their fights for supremacy, and they are very formidable animals, seen, as here, close at hand. Nearly all the day, except when catching fish, old and young, males and females, are packed together on the rocks, sunning themselves. When disturbed they all rush, ever so clumsily, for the water, the females pushing and tossing the cubs before them, and then all lie packed together in a "school" at a safe distance, but even when in danger they do not restrain their petulance, for when one finds another's cub near her she tosses it into the air and so there is a constant rain of young seals falling into the water. In the water, the motions of the seals are the perfection of grace, while on the land they are extremely awkward and ungainly, and it is a wonder how they can climb the rocks at all.

They are very timid, but in defence of their females the sea lions will fight man or beast. I wished, seeking for shells at low tide, to go along a bared ridge to another island, but a huge sea lion blocked my way. There he faced me, resting on his flippers, his head higher than mine, and calmly looked me in the face. I could not frighten him and I had no time to go for a gun (the tide would soon flow), so I pulled off mussels (some of them nearly a foot long) and hurled them at him, one by one, which he deftly caught in his mouth and crushed. But one escaped his grab and hit him on the eye, from which tears poured in a stream, but he would not move and I had to leave him in possession and wait for another tide.

One object in visiting the islands was to find new shells for my cabinet, and I succeeded well. I found several new species, one of which gave me some fame. At low tide I found the mouth of a narrow cave, up which I crawled a hundred feet, and at its apex found a bare space, evidently never touched by the water, but by air compressed by the tide. It was thus a rare location, and was lined with limpets of peculiar shape, of which I scraped off as many as I dared to take time for. Afterwards, Prof. Carpenter, then at Toronto, Canada, asked me for West Coast shells, and among others, I sent him this. He was uncertain about its genus, but gave it a familiar name by guess, and sent it to the British Museum, in London, for examination. The professor of Conchology there said the name given was wrong, and gave it another, and then sent it to Paris, where the professor declared them both wrong and proposed to make a new genus, calling it "Rowellia," and so a new genus of shells was given my name. Since then two other species of the same genus have been found on this coast.

One day I climbed to the top of the highest island, where is located the world-famous Farallones light. It was a hard climb but the view repaid me well. All around were the white pinnacles, crowded with wild life, while the cries of birds and seals, with the roar of the surf, were only a faint murmur, and I was alone, in the vast universe. Away in the east the great city was dimly visible, and in the west lay the boundless ocean. Not a sail was visible, but it was easy to imagine vessels from all directions, and every land, all eagerly looking for that Farallone light, that they might know how to shape their way to their various harbors. What a general blessing was that lonely light. It called to mind, forcibly, that still greater and more blessed "light that came into the world." Yet,

what an imperfect symbol. This sent its welcome ray to many anxious ones, but it was far away, and high up, out of reach, while that is among us and within us. This shines for many, yet compared with all men, oh, how few, while that, "lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The keeper of this light must dwell in painful solitude and isolation, but that creates and makes closest and sweetest companionship.

The cutters that bring oil for this lighthouse find a much safer nook and landing-place than the one where I got ashore, but it is very difficult to get these stores over the rocks and up to that summit.

My visit to the Farallones and that to Palestine were alike in one point, viz., I was glad I went, but had no desire ever to go again.

After nearly a week of excitement, hard work and hard living, I was glad to exchange an island so desolate that even rats cannot live on it, for the winds and dust and hard work of my San Francisco tabernacle.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

H. V. Rominger.

V.

On his return from England Mr. Beecher found there was a great change in the feelings of the administration at Washington towards himself. He came into close relations with Lincoln and Stanton, Secretary of War. During the last year of the conflict as the great drama was drawing to a close, Stanton was in constant telegraphic correspondence with Beecher, keeping him informed of every victory and successful move of the Northern army. This led to a thrilling experience in Plymouth church Sunday morning, April 2nd, 1865. He had closed the sermon and given out a hymn when a telegram was handed him on the platform. Catching the feeling in the air that something important had happened, every eye was turned to the platform and a silence like death fell upon the audience of 3000 worshipers. Eagerly the telegram was opened and as a flash of joy lit up Mr. Beecher's face, a thrill ran through the congregation, instantly hushed as he said: "The Congregation will turn to 'America' while I read the following telegram." He then read the dispatch announcing the great victories of Grant and Sheridan at Petersburg and City Point. When he ceased reading the congregation rose as one man. The organist drew the trumpet stops and turned the full power of the great organ into the hymn which was sung as never before by men and women with streaming eyes. Not a voice was silent, not an eye was dry.

At the close of the war Mr. Beecher was one of those who went down to Charleston Harbor to raise upon the ruins of Fort Sumpter the stars and stripes which had been hauled down four years before. It was a fitting close to his great work for liberty and never was his face more radiant than when he delivered from the ramparts of Sumpter his eloquent salute to the restored flag.

Mr. Beecher had the same magnanimous spirit of Lincoln and at once held out the hand of return to the defeated and humiliated South. The letter of approval which he wrote to the convention of Soldiers and Sailors of the Union held at Cleveland, O., in 1866 to advocate the speedy reconstruction and readmission of the Southern States, produced boundless excitement and outcry. The newspapers and even some of his friends overwhelmed him with denunciations and reproaches and declared he had destroyed himself forever and his whole past career. This letter, called the greatest blunder of his life, he afterwards said he intended to send down to his children as one of the most glorious things he ever did.

After the war Mr. Beecher did a great deal of lecturing all over the country. In the late '70s he was in San Francisco when the barbarous anti-Chinese craze was at its height. His pronounced views on the Chinese question had preceded him and were widely circulated. All the Coast papers, sand-lot patriotism and pitiful provincialism—for there is lots of the latter even in California—were opposed to him. But Beecher, who feared neither man nor devil, was not much intimidated by this miserable race obsession of the Pacific Coast. He neither modified nor toned down his utterances and instead of being mobbed he received tremendous ovations, people traveling hundreds of miles to hear him. He was to deliver four lectures in San Francisco, but could not get away until he had delivered nine, the proceeds of the last being $4200. These lectures were published verbatim and through them Beecher did more than any one had ever done to check this utterly un-American and un-Christian agitation against Asiatics, which sand-lot statesmen and scrub politicians have kept alive and which religion and the Christian church on this coast have done so little to allay.

Mr. Beecher never appeared before an audience which he did not master and opposition only aroused the lion and brought his powers into full play, so that they who came to mob and curse went away to applaud and bless. In 1877 he lectured in Richmond, Va. Pond, his lecture agent, says that this was the most remarkable of the 500 lectures he had thus far heard from Beecher. The lecture had been sold for $500, but when the owner of the theater saw the uproar in Richmond at the bare announcement of the lecture he hastily telegraphed to Pond in Washington not to come to Richmond as Beecher would not be allowed to speak there. Without showing the dispatch to Beecher Pond telegraphed that Beecher would be on hand. When they arrived news-boys were selling anti-Beecher songs and poetry in the streets. A four-page circular issued by a State official, filled with scurrilous abuse, was handed to Beecher. At the hotel the people and even the waiters sneered and tittered and would scarcely wait on him. The Board of Trade, Tobacco Board and Legislature had passed resolutions that none of their members would go to hear Beecher. But as every one knew his neighbor was not going he went, and as a consequence the Governor and all the legislators were there laughing at each other's expense. The crowd set up a rebel yell and Beecher stood up in his old way and let them yell till they got tired and then he had his turn. The subject was "Hard Times." He began: "There is a law of God, a common and a natural law, that brains and money control the universe. This law cannot be altered even by a big Virginia legislature, which opens with prayer and closes with a benediction. As the whole legislature was there the laugh went round. In five minutes they were clapping. Mr. Beecher talked for two hours and a half. He said he would eulogize Virginia and the bravery of the men of the South, and then he would tell them just what they did that was wrong. In his peroration he eulogized Virginia as a commonwealth; she who

had bred her sons for Presidents; how great she was, and got them perfectly wrought up, and then he continued: "But what a change when she came to breeding her sons for the market!" Then he drew the terrible picture of slavery and its effects, and they sat quietly and took it all. Going quickly to the hotel after the lecture Beecher leaned back in his chair and laughed, as much as to say, "We have captured Richmond." Then came a knock at the door and when opened the hall was filled with a crowd of Hons., headed by the Lieutenant-Governor. They begged Beecher to give them another lecture, holding up hundred-dollar bills and offering anything if he would lecture again. "Why, this is good enough for our wives to hear." Mr. Beecher replied that he was a piece of artillery that Mr. Pond pulled around and touched off when he wanted to. As there was another engagement in Washington next night he could not stay over. Next morning they came in crowds to see him off at the early hour of seven o'clock.

But Beecher did deliver another lecture on the "North and the South" in Richmond in 1882 and most dramatic was the occasion. The hall was full of Generals, Brigadiers and other distinguished gentlemen of the old Confederacy. No applause greeted him as he stepped before the footlights. The ladies leveled their opera-glasses at him with cold curiosity, and the men looked cooly expectant. Beecher surveyed the audience calmly for a moment when he caught sight of General Fitzhugh Lee sitting in the fourth row of the orchestra. Beecher stepped directly in front of him and said: "I have seen pictures of General Fitzhugh Lee, and I judge that you are the man; am I right?" Slightly taken back by this direct address, the General nodded stifly, while the audience bent forward breathless with curiosity as to what was going to follow. "Then," said Beecher with radiant face, "I want to offer you this right hand which, in its own way, fought against you and yours twenty-five years ago, but which I would now willingly sacrifice to make the Sunny South prosperous and happy. Will you take it, general?"

There was a moment's hesitation, a moment of death-like stillness in the hall, and then Fitzhugh Lee was on his feet, his hand was extended across the foot-lights, and was quickly met by the warm grasp of the preacher's. There was at first surprise, doubt and hesitation and then the cheers broke forth, such as had never before been heard in old Mozart Hall, though it had been the scene of many a war and political meeting. But that was only the beginning of the enthusiasm. When the first noise subsided Beecher said: "When I go back home, I shall proudly tell that I have grasped the hand of the nephew of the great Southern chieftain; I shall tell my people that I went to the confederate capital with a heart full of love for the people whom my principles once obliged me to oppose, and that I was met half-way by the brave Southerners who can forgive as well as they can fight." It took a long time for the audience to vent their enthusiasm over this utterance. The orator had now gained the heart of every one, and at the close of the lecture he drove to his hotel amid shouts, the mayor of Richmond says, such as had never greeted a Northern man in Richmond since the war.

The world honors success. God honors faithfulness. The world lauds the man who does something. God lauds the man who is something.

A CONSIDERATION OF THE VALUE TO THE UNITED STATES OF HE FRIENDSHIP OF JAPAN.

In a recent discussion of the proposed California anti-alien land bill the New York Journal of Commerce asked "What is the value to the country at large of the friendship of Japan? This New York paper proceeded then to answer its question somewhat as follows:

Nine years ago Japan and the Japanese ranked very high in our esteem. Our people, never greatly impressed by the imminence of the "yellow peril," had come to see that the true peril of Asia, and of the world, was the Muscovite, because it sprang from the unrestrained power of a handful of unscrupulous men at the top, and the unreasoning obedience of subject millions below; because it conquered merely to enslave, and, in advancing, tainted with its own corruption all that it subdued.

"It was early in 1904 that Japan undertook to deliver the world from this peril, and the fact was nowhere more promptly and freely recognized than here, that no greater service could be performed for the cause of human freedom. It was admitted to be somewhat of a paradox that the battle of man's enfranchisement which was won against the hosts of Persia at Marathon and Salamis should be renewed by a people of unmixed Asiatic blood against an empire calling itself European and claiming to be the champion of white men against the yellow races. But that Japan in fighting for its own existence also occupied the van of the struggle for human liberty, was a fact that stood out too clearly in the fateful spring of 1904 to admit of sophistication or denial. Equally prompt was the perception among our own people that Japan was doing them a service which they could not have performed for themselves. That is to say, there could be only one issue to the establishment of Russian sovereignity in Manchuria, namely, the dismemberment of China. But it had become plain even to the least reflective that the integrity of China was a vital necessity not only for the full development, but the material resources, and the industrial and commercial energy of the United States, but for the adequate fulfillment of its manifest political destiny.

"This is a point which, familiar as it is to our readers, has so intimate a relation to the present situation as to be worth a fuller statement. It was on February 5, 1904, that the Japanese minister in St. Petersburg broke off diplomatic relations with the statement that 'the successive refusals of the imperial Russian Government to enter into engagements to respect China's territorial integrity in Manchuria, which is seriously menaced by their continued occupation of the province, notwithstanding their treaty engagements with China and their repeated assurances to other Powers possessing interests in those regions, have made it necessary for the imperial Government seriously to consider what measures of self-defense they are called upon to take.' Fifty years before, William H. Seward had foresight and imagination enough to discern that the great Pacific area, with its islands and surrounding shores, was to be the scene of the great events of the world's hereafter. In the interval the United States completed the purchase of Alaska, the acquisition of Hawaii and the possession of the Philippines, and entered into an undertaking to construct the Panama Canal. In all this there was a manifest increase of its obligations as the greatest of the Powers of the Pacific, so much so that a French states-

man was prompted to say that the North Pacific was already an American sea. But had the dismemberment of China and its partition among the military Powers of Europe, which was already under way in 1897, been allowed to proceed, we should have been confronted with another Europe on the eastern coast of Asia, among the members of which would have arisen the inevitable conflict for supremacy. It must be plain that the victor in such a struggle would not only dominate Asia, but that with this dominance would come the reduction of the United States to the rank of a secondary Power on the Pacific. Neither on this continent nor on that could our country have a policy save by the permission and approval of the greatest of military Powers ruling over a third of the habitable surface of the globe and more than half of the human race."

OWNERSHIP OF LAND IN JAPAN.

Land in Japan occupied by foreigners is held in either one of two ways, by perpetual lease or under a system known as "superfices" and defined by the Japanese Civil Code as follows:

"The right of using the land of another for the purpose of owning thereon structures or trees or bamboos."

The right may run for any term of years without limit designated in the contract.

A law passed by the Diet in 1910 designed to do away with the system of leasing land to foreigners has never been put in force by imperial ordinance. This law provides that:

"Foreigners domiciled or resident in Japan and foreign judicial persons registered therein shall enjoy the right of ownership in land provided always that in the countries to which they belong such right is extended to Japanese subjects and Japanese judicial persons, and provided further in case of foreign judicial persons that they shall obtain permission of the Minister for Home Affairs in acquiring such ownership.

"The foregoing provisions shall be applicable only to foreigners and foreign judicial persons belonging to the countries to be specified by imperial ordinance."

Americans in Japan therefore have not now the power to own lands, and will not have until the above law is put into effect, and then only if the United States is specified by imperial ordinance as one of the countries whose citizens shall enjoy the privileges provided in the above law and provided Japanese are allowed to own land in the United States. The American-Japanese treaty of 1911 provides only for reciprocal leasing of land by the citizens of one Government in the country of the other.—Boston Transcript.

THE PREACHER.

A few weeks ago some friend handed the editor of the Pacific a paragraph clipped from the "Seneca Dispatch," with the remark that it might sometime fill some niche in the paper. We have no recollection as to who the friend was--whether minister or layman. It is a suggestive little item. Of course we could criticise it. Mentally we do. Our readers will do the same. But after all there is considerable truth racily expressed:

"The preacher has a hard time. If his hair is gray, he is old. If he is a young man he hasn't had experience. If he has ten children, he has too many. If he has none, he should have and isn't setting a good example. If his wife sings in the choir, she is presuming. If she don't, she isn't interested in her husband's work. If a preacher reads from notes, he is a bore. If he speaks extemporaneously, he isn't deep enough. If he stays at home in his study, he doesn't mix enough with the people. If he is seen around on the streets, he ought to be at home getting up a good sermon. If he calls on some very poor people, he is playing to the grand stand. If he calls at the home of the rich, he is an aristocract. Whatever he does, someone could have told him how to do better. He has a fine time living off donations which never come in, and promises that never mature. Next to being an editor, it is an awful life."

UTTER IRREVERENCE A NATIONAL VICE.

"Utter irreverence is America's national vice," said Edward Howard Griggs recently in Boston. "As a people we admire youth and scorn age," he asserted. "We love enthusiasm and have no time for the counsel of wisdom and experience.

"A church will frequently discharge a minister, mellowed and strengthened by years of contact with human lives, that it may supplant him with some fledgling from a German theological school who can talk the latest slang of the Higher Criticism. Our children are casting off the traditions and institutions which our fathers revered. Yet that fact is not of itself a menace. The danger lies in the ruthless abandonment of the old order, while we have still no clear conception of what new order we are striving for. It is as though a captain cut his ship adrift without knowing his port of destination.

"We worship wealth and power and are jealous of the men who are the true moral leaders. Consistently our cry to our public men has been 'Get wealth, get power, get leadership, and then we will give you more wealth, more power, and more leadership!' This attitude among the people breeds demagoguery among the leaders. That so many of our public men have refused the temptation of a bribe is all to their credit, and none to ours, for we have by our actions encouraged them to such methods.

"We hear much today of vocational education, of the need of providing the children with the tools of economic success. Yet it is wholly the character of the man who uses the tool that determines the value of such training. The same ability in penmanship that makes a good bank clerk will make a good forger. The same knowledge of human nature and the same ability to inspire others with confidence that make a good teacher, will also make a clever swindler.

"So the need today is to reconstruct our education to make it focus on the building of positive and effective moral character. Moral education is not an aspect of education, but the integrating centre of the whole."

VALUABLE COMPENSATIONS.

A man stoops to pick a banana peeling from the sidewalk and throw it in the gutter, and his companion comments, 'You are not paid to do that." Nor is he, nor paid for carefully depositing trash of his own in the box provided for that purpose. Nor does the traveler who turns off the light when he leaves his hotel room find his bill reduced. So when a group of men or women have an enterprise to carry through, a few of them work hard in making ready; more come in at the end to appear with the workers, to share equally the credit, if indeed they do not attract even more

attention than those who are behind the scenes running the actual machinery. A few people may know who have done the hard work, but for the most part it is not recognized. They are "not paid to do it." What is their compensation?

Their reward is the reward of every man who lives up to an ideal. It comes from the satisfaction of meeting one's own standards, in the assurance of ability to maintain a course which he has laid down for himself, and which means effort, persistence, work that goes unrecognized. Because of these things, though no one knows of them, or though others know and smile, he feels himself a better man to live with. Yet there is more than this. Such a man or woman is building up a habit of accomplishment, is acquiring the invaluable quality of success in what he undertakes. Not in the particular thing that he does, perhaps, does practice bring its reward, but it has given him capacity. He becomes the kind of man who is known for his ability or his faithfulnes.s He did the things for which he was not paid because he wanted to do them, but his wanting to do them has brought him in the long run the name of the kind of man on whom society depends. His unpaid work brings other unpaid work, but eventually it brings also some recognition.

It is worth while to do the decent things, the faithful things. It means much work, but work is not an evil. It means also great rewards. And the greatest reward to such a man or woman is the consciousness of being in good company even when alone.—Milwaukee Journal.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, First.—Last Sunday 27 persons were welcomed into fellowship, 13 on confession.

Cloverdale.—This church met its apportionment in full for the year 1912. In last week's Pacific by printing 1 instead of 10, in the M. R. column, the total showed a deficit of nine dollars.

Redlands.—On Sunday, May 4, twenty united with the Church, ten of them on confession. From four families the husband and wife came together. The pastor, Rev. J. H. Williams is completing his twentieth year as pastor of this Church.

San Francisco, Bethany.—A series of special programs in the young people's meetings has brought the average attendance up to forty. The pastor has turned the Sunday evening service into a study hour, giving first a series of addresses on the History of the Bible. A series of biographical studies has been announced to follow the vacation.

San Francisco, Bethany.—Dr. Charles F. Aked will give his lecture, "The Romance of the Golden West," at Bethany Congregational Church, San Francisco, Thursday evening, May 15, under the auspices of the Brotherhood. Invitation cards, which will serve as the basis for admission, may be secured from the president of the Brotherhood, Mr. M. E. Moe, 1185 Valencia St.

Oakland, Myrtle Street—Sunday, May 4, we received nine persons into our fellowship: a father, mother with grown son and daughter, two young married women, a trained nurse, a young business woman and a young man in the sophomore year in university. Our Endeavor society is waging "the war of the roses." The one side wears white and the other red roses and new members are added each Sunday evening. The Sunday school today numbered 101 in morning school and 40 in noon school.

North Berkeley.—The church has voted to proceed to erect a new auditorium. Work will be begun by first of September and finished by Christmas.—Seven persons were received to membership last Sunday, two on confession. Mr. Patterson will start Sunday night on his trip abroad. At a reception last week friends presented him a Gladstone traveling bag. Mr. Patterson while abroad will attend the World's Sunday School Convention at Zurich, Switzerland. While in London for ten days he will be the guest of a family connected with the Rev. Dr. Horton's church.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CHINESE CHURCH.

The Chinese Congregational Church of San Francisco observed the Lord's Supper last Sunday evening, May 4th. Twenty-one were received to the church, of whom twenty were baptized. An infant child was also baptized. Of those received two were ladies, one of them the mother of the child baptized.

In the list of apportionments and receipts published in The Pacific of last week, this church apears with an apportionment of $200 for the American Missionary Association and nothing paid upon it. The Japanese church appears with $100 apportioned to it and nothing paid. The facts are, as stated in the Statistical Table of the Annual Report of the California Oriental Mission of the A. M. A., that the Chinese church with its two missions contributed $332.80; the Japanese church contrbuted $246.82. The total offerings of the former church for the year 1912 amounted to $2842.15 and those of the latter to $522.82. I do not question that the figures in the table given in The Pacific are correct according to some new methods of computation and publication for which some power behind the throne in the National Council or somewhere else is responsible, but I submit that methods which lead to a publication so inaccurate and so injurious as this, ought to be overhauled. A church which contributed $784 in 1912 for foreign missions and for missionary work in such close relationship with the American Board as tc be counted in as a part of its work, will probably be credited in the year book as having given but $10 for that cause, while the balance of $774 will probably go in under the general head of "Other Congregational Causes" and not be supposed to be for Foreign Missions at all. W. C. P.

A TRIBUTE TO TWO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WORKERS.

For upward of twenty years the Rev. Thos. Hendry has been an honored member of our Los Angeles Association of churches and ministers. His principal pastorate was with the Park church for eleven years, and later with the Trinity church. The pressure of pastoral life bringing upon his family responsibilities beyond the health and strength necessary to meet the same has caused Mr. Hendry to enter business and he has become a member of the strong firm of

Fowler Bros., the leading booksellers of the city.

Here at 543 South Broadway many friends renew his acquaintance and are refreshed by his cordial Christian fellowship. His frequent supply work among the churches is always acceptable, and recently at the Olivet church he preached in the interregnum of the pastor's absence. He illustrates the importance of retaining a fresh youthfulness of heart and spirit, and who can achieve this satisfying result better than the man and woman who maintains a living faith in the living God.

Rev. W. N. Burr, who so often instructs and entertains the readers of The Pacific, is about to lay down the pastorate at La Canada after more than twenty years' service in Southern California, which found its longest term with the church at Corona. Other fields have been faithfully served, and each holds Mr. and Mrs. Burr in loving remembrance. Their future home is to be in Pomona and their time and strength will be invested in Christian service. How pleasant it would be if the brethren who retire from the pastorate could remain in touch with us all. As they calmly take a retrospective view of the active years, their contemplations doubtless would be encouraging to those who yet are on the battle line. May we not have an exchange in The Pacific of the views of those who are "looking backwards," and their estimate of what are the highest values of life, as illustrated, not by theory but by actual experience. And the "looking forward" by faith could be not less profitable and inspiring. If Abraham looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God, what is the forward view of today?

Let the veterans who have a message tell us. J. L. M.

SOME OF THE "FAREWELLS" GIVEN THE REV. HERBERT A. JUMP.

The many friends of the Rev. Herbert A. Jump have been remembering him, and showing the high esteem in which he is held, in various ways during the last week.

Monday there was a large attendance at the lunch given in his honor in the First Congregational church of San Francisco by the ministers hereabouts.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer of Plymouth Church, Oakland, said that he was glad that Oakland and the bay region had had Mr. Jump for seventeen months, if they couldn't have him for twenty years. That it was better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. To him and many others Mr. Palmer said that it had been a joy and an inspiration to have had him here. In that connection Mr. Palmer mentioned that Mr. Christopher Reuss, of the Probation Office Work in Oakland, had asked him the other day in trembling, pathetic tones over the telephone whether something could not be done to keep Mr. Jump in Oakland. With reference to his interest in the great social problems of the city Mr. Palmer remarked that very soon after his arrival he had showed an interest therein and a grasp thereof second to none. Oakland would be poorer, he continued because of his going; that what was already disclosed in him of worth indicated much that had not yet been brought out. In the course of his remarks Mr. Palmer quoted from a humorous poem in which one of the expressions is in substance: It is, but it hadn't orter been.

President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary told of the pleasure he had in speaking for himself and the Seminary and remarked that Mr. Jump's going would be a great loss—in him went a friend and a brother, one whose readiness to co-operate and whose able co-operation had been greatly appreciated.

Mr. I. H. Morse of the First Church, San Francisco, spoke of the two remarkable addresses he had heard from Mr. Jump, and how he had been looking forward to a long and successful pastorate for him in Oakland. Mr. Morse concluded that he had no reason as yet for changing his early judgment of the man and that he should follow him affectionately in his future work.

Resolutions of hearty appreciation introduced by the Rev. S. C. Patterson of Berkeley were adopted.

Saturday evening last a large number of Mr. Jump's friends in the First Church of Oakland gathered at his home and presented him with a large and very beautiful silver loving cup, along with words of appreciation of his services in the church and the community. All in all it was an occasion which Mr. and Mrs. Jump will remember delightfully throughout their lives.

Nothing that has been said or done, it seems to the present writer, should ever linger more delightfully in Mr. Jump's memory than the following paragraph in the monthly paper published in the interests of the "Church School" or Sunday School of the First Church of Oakland, and edited by the young people, the boys and girls of the school. It appeared in the issue for May the 4th:

"To Mr. Jump: You may never realize what a sacred place you have carved for yourself in the hearts of the members of the Coming Church and it may help to know that to a man they are loyal to you. Yet, as they form only the Coming Church it now becomes necessary for them to bow to the wishes of their elders and to part from you with only good wishes and Godspeed upon whatever track your steps may turn."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Rev. A. Drahms will speak on Life and Conditions in Hawaii at the meeting of the Congregational ministers next Monday in San Francisco.

The Rev. C. F. Clarke of Seattle has been called to San Mateo. He will be royally welcomed in California. His record in Washington has been splendid.

All rejoice that Rev. E. C. Oakley is ready for work again and goes back to Mill Valley. Such men are too valuable for us to see them laid aside resignedly. Mr. Oakley preached last Sunday with no after bad effect and has every reason for believing himself equal to the work after his rest of fifteen months.

The Rev. C. L. Mears of Alameda spent last Sunday with his former church at Reno and reports a delightful time. He had the pleasure of welcoming two persons into membership and of baptizing some children. The Rev. Mr Traut, the pastor will be in the East several weeks yet on account of the illness of relatives.

A TOUR BY DR. HAGER.

Dr. C. R. Hager of Claremont, for twenty years missionary in South China, is to be in northern California the last ten days of June, speaking on the work and the people with which he is familiar. The topic of special interest is his acquaintance with Dr. Sun Yat Sen, whom Dr. Hager baptized,

and who lived in his home for a little over a year. Dr. Hager's story of his acquaintance with the first president of the Chinese Republic has already fascinated many audiences.

He is open for further Sunday and weekday appointments, for a stereopticon lecture on life in South China, or the story of Dr. Sun. His itinerary is being arranged by Rev. Harold S. Tuttle, pastor of Bethany Church, 410 Bartlett St., San Francisco. The expense involved will be trifling.

SOMETHING UNIQUE IN FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS.

A unique idea of fellowship meetings is developing in Southern California suggested by the evangelistic committee of the State Conference and perfected by Superintendent Larkin. They are proving to be veritable mid-week Sabbaths. They are usually unprogrammed sessions—three in number, and held with the smaller and rural churches. Pastors and laymen, as many as may be induced to come, from three to a half dozen neighborly churches assemble for conference, praise, prayer and fellowship. Thus far where such meetings have been held, the local church has accepted the meeting with seriousness.

The last one of such gatherings was held on Monday evening and Tuesday forenoon and afternoon of April 27 and 28, with the Rincon church where Rev. F. H. Hill and family are "manifesting" the gospel to the delight of a worthy people. Churches affiliating in the services were Corona, San Bernardino, Bloomington, Moreno and Perris, with pastors and others. Also Rev. R. B. Larkin, the superintendent, and Rev. Edward S. McClelland of Los Angeles who was a classmate with Pastor Hill during college days in England, were present.

On Monday evening tables were set for visitors and members of the entire congregation; and the fellowship notion of the far-away connecting the idea up with eating, was made superlative. It was followed with an informal service in which many took part, Messrs. Larkin and McClelland giving the principal messages. Then all day Tuesday from 9 o'clock in the morning to almost 5 in the afternoon, with luncheon served at noon, the fellowship idea was the magnet and the day was one of rare investment and privilege. Not a single set address was indulged all the day but informally and right from the heart by word or question the day proved full short. The following will indicate the conference themes about which the major part of this discussion was concerned:

The State of our Spiritual Life. How vital? Is it our chief interest? What is our conception of being a Christian? What part does prayer play in our life?

Our Home Life. Its opportunity. Its perils. Its safeguards. The child in the home. Parents training themselves for parenthood.

Our Children and Young People. Their problems. Our problems concerning them. Their perils. Their religious life as you see it.

The Country Church. Its function. How large in your view? How far and in what ways touch the life of the community? Its methods? Expanding or changing in the presence of changing conditions? Why so many churches closing in the country communities, especially in the Middle West?

What do our People Read? For example, what are you reading? What effect?

Our Fellowship? How much do we mean to each other?

C. N. QUEEN.

WASHINGTON.

Community Ideals.

Two interesting meetings have been held at Bellevue the past week. The churches at Bellevue and Medina have related with them three other fields, where regular Bible schools are held. A superintendent at large has been elected, known as Superintendent of Evangelism, who visits all the schools and brings them the inspiration and sympathy so often needed in mission schools. On Friday evening thirty of the teachers and officers of the five schools gathered at Bellevue for a supper and conference for the study of methods, and mutual acquaintance. The next conference will be held at Medina in June.

On Wednesday evening the Japanese of the community gathered at the home of Miss Knowlton for a supper. The occasion was the last meeting of the "Japanese Association for the Study of Christianity," before the summer vacation, as the berry season now approaches. A delightful spirit of good fellowship was manifested. The Congregational church of Bellevue has recently voted five dollars toward the starting of a circulating Japanese library. The suggestion was taken up heartily by the Association and will be added to from their funds.

After the supper all joined in the toasts and discussions. One of their own number, Mr. Sayno, acted as chief chef for the evening. Every Japanese family in the community seems interested in the association, and while few are openly Christian, prejudice is fast disapearng as they feel the touch of human love and sympathy.

REV. M. S. CROSWELL.

Rev. M. S. Croswell was born in Farmington Falls, Maine, July 20, 1833, and died in Altadena, California, April 9, 1913.

After graduating at Amherst College in 1855, he came West and taught in Geneseo Seminary, Illinois, when at the breaking out of the Civil War he enlisted as a private in the 8th Minnesota Volunteers, and was promoted to the office of Lieutenant-Colonel on Gen. Polk's staff, serving in the Commissary Department throughout the entire war, and receiving honorable discharge in August, 1866.

Subsequently he entered Chicago Theological Seminary and graduated in the class of 1868. He served as the pastor of the church in Emporia, Kan., and subsequently came to San Francisco, Cal., and from 1871 to 1878 was pastor of the church at Sonoma, Cal., and it was during this time that the present church edifice was erected and dedicated.

Returning to Illinois, he served as pastor of the church at Amboy and Paxton, and subsequently held pastorates in Independence, Kan., and in Roger, Ark., and was for a time in the general work of the American Bible Society. In 1893 he removed to Los Angeles where he resided until 1909, when he came to his late home in Altadena.

In these later years he was an honored and esteemed member of the First Congregational Church of Pasadena, whose pastor, Dr. D. F. Fox, officiated at his funeral, being assisted by the veterans of the G. A. R., of which local post he was a member.

While in later years Mr. Croswell was not in the active ministry, he maintained his interest to the end, in the best

concerns of the church, and co-operated most heartily, both in the local church and in the larger extension of the Kingdom through Home and Foreign Missions.

Mrs. Croswell, with whom he lived most happily for almost half a century, continues to reside in the home in Altadena, and is the recipient of the very highest esteem and most cordial love and sympathy of a very large circle of intimate friends.

The Home.

THEIR MOTHER'S DAY.

What Three Daughters Learned From An Interrupted Party

The cariage drew up in front of the old homestead.

"Here we are!" cried Susie joyfully to the old lady at the gate, who greeted them with beaming face and outstretched arms.

"Such a time as I had with the children on the train." Susie jumped out of the carriage as she spoke. "If it hadn't been Mother's Day, and if I had been going anywhere except here, I should not have undertaken the trip with their father away. The baby fussed, and Emmett and Mary were so naughty—Laura knew what she was about when she came the night before. I don't blame her for not wanting to travel with us. Oh, and we all had beautiful white carnations in honor of Mother's Day when we started—they were so expensive, too—but Mary lost hers out the car window, and the baby tore mine up, and now Emmett has lost his on the road."

Susie handed the baby over to her mother's outstretched arms, and paused a moment for breath.

"So kind of you to meet us and drive us home, Mr. Field," she said, turning to the old farmer, who was lifting the children out of the carriage.

"Bless their hearts!" Grandmother put her free arm about the two lively youngsters, while she held the baby tightly with the other.

"What have you done to your coat, dearie? she asked, gazing in dismay at the small boy.

"Oh, he tore it on a nail in the station, and then he fell out of the wagon—leaning too far to one side—and got himself all mud; and Mary fell trying to get into the carriage by herself. Look at her dress! I would have been ashamed to bring them anywhere except here. Children are such a care!" Susie sighed heavily.

"Grandmother doesn't mind how they look," reassured the old lady. "We'll have that coat brushed and cleaned and mended in a jiffy, and it will look as good as new, and I'll do up Mary's dress for her. You brought a clean one along, didn't you?"

"Yes, indeed. I know Mary. Oh, children are such a care!"

"Well, dear, you will have a chance to get a rest while you are here," comforted her mother, as they made their way into the house. "I will keep the babies, and you can just rest and enjoy yourself."

"Well, Laura, how are you?" Susie greeted a thin, tired-looking woman who came into the hall to meet them.

"My neuralgia is no better," sighed Laura dismally. "I should not have thought of going away from home if it had not been Mother's Day, and if I had not been coming here. I am in no mood to entertain or be entertained."

"You don't need to," assured her mother. "You can go off to the spare-room, away from all the rest of the house, and be as quiet as you like. I will see that the children do not disturb you. They shall come with me to the kitchen. Grandmother has something nice for you!"

They needed no urging. Even the baby jumped and crowed in his grandmother's arms, and the old lady bore the three lively little ones out with her, while her two daughters went up to their rooms to rest, and, as Susie expressed it, "breathe freely once more, now we are at last at mother's."

"How restful!" she exclaimed, as she opened the door of her old bedroom. "Now, I can just rest and enjoy myself for two days. The children are so safe with mother. Yes, mother," she answered to a call from below stairs. "I will get out Mary's clean dress right away."

Hastily she unpacked the suit-case, and brought forth the clean dress, also a smal pile of clothing.

"If you could get time to fix these tears, mother, while we are here," she suggested, handing the pile to the old lady. "You know I can't begin to mend like you."

"Yes, indeed," assented her mother cheerfully. "Just give them to me. I will do them to-morrow before you go, and I will get Mary's dress rubbed out then, and Emmett's coat mended and cleaned, too."

"Such a relief to get home to mother's" breathed Susie, as she retired again into her room.

She sank down on the soft cushions of the divan, and was soon in dreamland.

The loud ringing of a bell awoke her at length. She started up, rubbing her eyes.

"It can't be dinner time!" she exclaimed.

The children rushed into the room.

"Come to dinner! Come to dinner!" They dragged their mother toward the door.

Grandmother, her face flushed, the wrinkles on her brow cut just a little deeper from the strenuous morning she had cooking the dinner, looking after the children, waiting on her invalid daughter, and a thousand other things, but with the same bright, sunny smile which her children always knew, was standing ready to serve the bountiful meal.

"Myra and Fred are here," she announced. "They have gone up to wash off the travel stains and will be right down. Dinner is hot, so you folks sit down, and by the time we are ready to start they will be here."

In a few minutes the other daughter, with her husband, appeared. They were greeted languidly by Laura and briefly by Susie, who was busy arranging Emmett's napkin and pushing Mary's chair up to the table.

"I wish we could have gotten here earlier," said Myra, "but our company only left this morning, and it made me hurry to get here in time for dinner—but, being Mother's Day, I didn't want to miss it if I could help it. How are you all,"

There followed the recital of Emmett's varied career at school, of Mary's attack of tonsilitis, of the baby's hazardous experiences with croup. There was barely time for Laura to tell about her neuralgia and other aliments before dinner was over. Through it all grandmother bustled to and fro, cheerily serving first one and then another, helping straightening out difficulties with the children, smiling on every one, panting and breathless, not able to get in a word herself, but happy because she had her children about her, and she was doing what she could for them.

"No one can cook like mother," commented Myra, as they rose from the table, "but you haven't had a mouthful your-

self, mother. You have been so busy waiting on us. Sit down now and let us wait on you."

"I'll just help myself," laughed the old lady good-naturedly and half-apologetically, picking here and there from a dish as she carried it out to the kitchen.

"That's a shame when you have worked so hard to get us such a good dinner," exclaimed Myra. "Susie, you and I will wash the dishes, won't we?"

"Of course," yawned Susie, with no great show of enthusiasm.

"No, indeed!" objected the old lady. "You have enough to do when you are at home. You shan't work here, any of you. You're only here for a day or two. I'll manage the dishes. Go into the parlor; and, Susie, play for us—I am aching to hear you again."

Nothing loth, Susie went to the piano, got out some of the old music, and for the next hour was quite oblivious to all else.

In the meantime grandmother had rocked the baby to sleep, had put up a swing outside the kitchen door for Emmett and Mary, had cleared off the table, found a book which Laura wanted, then started in to tidy up things by the time Myra had finished the dishes—which that daughter had insisted on doing.

"You are tired out, mother," she exclaimed, gazing affectionately and anxiously at the old lady.

"No, indeed, dearie. It's a pleasure," repeated Mrs. Hall, but there was a tired little catch in her voice.

"Go lie down and rest a while, mother," insisted Myra. 'You have prepared a big dinner, and you have had the care of the children all morning—I know what that means. What is that pile of clothing?" she asked suddenly, eyeing the bundle Susie had brought and which her mother had laid on top of the mending basket.

"Oh, that's something of Susie's. I want to mend them for her to-morrow before she goes home."

"Well, I think Susie—" Myra broke off in her indignant speech when she saw the distressed look on her mother's face.

"Susie has so much to do. I am glad to help her," said her mother, a little reproachfully.

"Well, I was going home to-night, but I shall stay to-morrow now and do those clothes and help you. I am not as good a mender as you are but I guess I can do them well enough." Myra took the articles in spite of her mother's protestations.

"What a dear picture of Grandmother Weston!" exclaimed the daughter, suddenly, going up to the fine old painting which hung above the mantel in the sitting-room.

"Yes," grandmother sighed softly, "I don't forget it's Mother's Day, either. The only way I can keep it, though, is in my heart. She was a dear, dear mother!"

Tears gathered slowly in the dim old eyes.

"I don't remember her at all," said Myra, softly, "but you have told us so much about her."

"I always hoped to visit her birthplace before I died. She told me so much about it. I always longed to see it, and the relatives we have there, but I guess I will never get there now."

"Why not?" Myra's voice was brisk.

"Well, you see, dearie, it is quite a journey for me to take by myself, and it would cost a good deal—Why, there's Mr. Field! He has surely not made a mistake and come for Susie and the children already?"

She ran to open the door for the genial old farmer. But the usual smile on his ruddy face was missing. He was strangely grave.

"I just came to see if you could go over to Russell's, Mrs. Hall," he explained. "Mrs. Russell died suddenly at the dinner-table to-day, and they are all upset over there—no one knowing what to do. They want you to come over."

"Of course I will."

Grandmother hastily took off her apron and put on her coat and bonnet. "Myra, you will look after things here. I may not be gone long. Poor Mrs. Russell! She has looked miserable for a long time, but we didn't think she would go off so sudden. What was the trouble?

"Heart failure, the doctor said, but I suspect it was just that she was tired to death. Since Martha and her children went home to live the old lady has had a hard time of it, waiting on those youngsters and doing a lot of extra work. It has been too much for her. Every one said she was wearing herself out," informed Mr. Field.

"It will be a sad Mother's Day for the Russells," said Mrs. Hall, as she followed the old farmer out the door. I'll be back as soon as I can, girls. Don't do anything," she admonished.

"Do anything!" Myra's voice rang out clear and decided as soon as the door had closed on their mother. "I tell you what it is, girls, I'm not going to leave this house until I have done everything I possibly can to save mother work. I'm going to clear up things, and I'm going to prepare supper and do as much as I can. Susie, I will help you with the children's mending to-morrow. It's an imposition to ask mother to do that with all the other work our coming costs her."

Laura looked up with big, mournful eyes.

"Suppose it had been our mother who had been taken away like that," she suggested in an awed whisper.

"It might have been," answered Myra. "She certainly ought to be tired to death. Look at the work we have given her."

"She loves to have us here, she says so," protested Susie.

"Of course she does, but is that any reason why we should lie down on her and let her do all the work—a woman of her age? I tell you what it is, girls," in her earnestness she lapsed back into the old way of speaking; "I think we have been pretty selfish about keeping Mother's Day. We thought we were showing her love and respect by coming here and spending the day with her—and we did mean to—but what does it amount to? It is simply a day of strenuous and hard work for mother. It is a selfish way of spending Mother's Day, and we are selfish to do it. Don't you think so, Fred?" she looked at her husband for his accustomed approval, and he nodded gravely.

"I don't understand you," said Laura, in an injured tone.

Susie eyes were wide with astonishment as she picked up the baby, who was just awakening from his nap, and rocked him silently.

"It seems to me that to spend Mother's Day right, we ought to do something which will be really a help and a pleasure to mother—not come here and give her a lot of extra work and tire her out—much as she loves to have us, and willing as she is to do it. I mean, too, that our moth-

er is getting old, and some day she may go just like Mrs. Russell. Girls, we don't want to be the cause of adding any to her burdens or of doing anything to tire her out and shorten her life—and a strenuous day like this might do it."

"What can we do?" asked Susie, with a frightened look.

"Really, you are extreme," mumured Laura, reproachfully.

"I may be extreme," answered her sister, "but to my mind the real keeping of Mother's Day is to keep it in a way which will do her the most good. It is a mockery to say we are keeping it when we only honor it outwardly and really impose on her and make it harder for her."

"Do you mean that we should have her at our houses, instead?" asked Susie.

"No, I have thought of something which would be better than that. She can come to our houses at any time, and we are always together on holidays; but Mother's Day ought to mean an especial treat for her. She told me how she had longed to go to Grandmother Weston's birthplace, but that now she never expected to, and that the only way she could keep Mother's Day was in her heart. It has been the dream of her life to go to Grandmother Weston's old home and see the old place and all the old relatives,—you know that. She never could go while we children were small; then father's illness kept her tied down for so many years. Now she says she is too old to go, and she cannot afford it and all that. My plan is that instead of taking the money for us to come here and spend Mother's Day and give her extra work, to give her the money and what extra will be needed (it won't amount to much for each of us), and let her go on that long wished-for trip. It would refresh her and make her so happy. That would be a real Mother's Day!

"Do you mean next year?" asked Laura, warming up a trifle.

"No," answered Myra. "A year is a long time to wait, especially at mother's age."

The sisters understood and exchanged glances.

"There is no time like the present, and even if Mother's Day on the calendar is over, she could go just the same as a Mother's Day treat. We'll make her go this week, and let her have a Mother's Day that will be a pleasure to her as long as she lives; and after this we'll spend each Mother's Day by giving her a treat, and making it a happy day for her, instead of outwardly honoring her by coming here and wearing her out as we have been doing."

"I am sure I am very willing to do anything I can for mother," acquiesced Susie.

"And I, too, assented Laura.

"It is an excellent plan, Myra," put in Fred, approvingly.

"Then we'll hurry and fix up this house to the best of our ability, and when she comes back this afternoon we won't let her do a speck of work, but just take things easy so she won't go off on her trip all worn out."

"Do you really think she will consent to go?" asked Laura.

'We must insist upon it," said Myra, decidedly, "and, to make sure, I am going with her myself. I had expected to go to Washington to visit Fred's sister this week, but I shall put it off and go with mother instead, and I am going to see that she has the time of her life. I am only thankful that we have the chance to do it now, before it is too late."

And the other sisters answered heartily, each one, "So am I.—Anna Guilbert Mahon in Sunday School Times.

THE ROOM OVERHEAD.

It's a dark and narrow stairway to the room overhead,
But I am not afraid to go.
There is room for only one on each winding, narrow tread;
But I can feel the way, I know.

There are stirrings now and then in the room overhead,
There are dear old feet upon the floor.
They are setting forth my chair, they are making up my bed,
They are waiting just inside the door.

There are wide, wide views from the room overhead,
And the heart of all home is there.
I shall then begin to live, though men will call me dead,
When I've mounted the narrow stair.

—Amos R. Wells, in Christian Endeavor World.

For The Children.

WHICH WOULD YOU BE?

Little Miss Smile and Master Frown
Went off for a ramble out of town.
The sky was blue and the blossoms gay,
And birds were singing along the way.

"How clear and sweet they sing," said she.
"But they make my head ache," grumbled he.
"Oh, look!" she cried, "at these roses red!"
"But they prick my fingers so," he said.

"See the bees in clover!"—But bees have stings,
And these dandelions are common things!"
Then, scolding and scowling Master Frown
Empty-handed went back to town.

But little Miss Smile along the way,
Had gathered a bunch of the blossoms gay,
And she laughed and jumped and sang for glee.
Now, which of the two would you rather be?

—Children's Magazine.

THE FABLE OF THE SPICES.

Soon after the village clock struck eight, the grocer began going about the store fastening windows, turning out lights and making everything snug for the night. When all had been looked after to his satisfaction he left, locking the door carefully behind him. After he had gone it was very quiet in the grocery for a little while, and then there was a queer rustling on the shelves, and pretty soon a strange voice from the cinnamon case said: "Well, if we are to have a convention to-night, we must begin."

"That is very true," came the reply from the clove box, "and I move that our friend Nutmeg tell his story first." Several voices agreed to this, and from the first row of shelves the nutmeg began speaking.

"All of you call me 'Nutmeg' but that is not my real name. It is a very long, hard name to pronounce, and

when you hear it you will be glad you do not have to call me that all the time, for my real name is 'Myristicaceae.' I wish you could all see what a tight little home I had before I came here. First, there was a wrapper about me like white tissue paper. And this is what causes my queer mottled appearance. Next to the tissue paper was a tough shell, which made for me a warm little house. But this house had to be kept from the air, too, so there grew around it a thick, soft bark. There is a secret about the bark, but one of our other friends will tell you about that. My outer shell looked very much like a peach, except it had an opening in one side like a door. I grew on a high tree and could swing all day long among the sweet-smelling leaves about me. Do you not wish you could have seen my pretty home?"

"That is all so interesting came a chorus of voices, but do tell us about the secret of the bark about your house." But the nutmeg only laughed in the dark and said:

"Ask Mace to tell it." Then the usually silent Mace spoke:

"My friends you are all aware that I am a brown powder, and do not look at all like Nutmeg, although I am his first cousin, for I am only the bark about his house after it has been dried and pounded very fine. I, too, remember the balmy air and the fragrant leaves of our tree."

A subdued "Ah!" broke from the little crowd of listeners, and they decided that Mace was not such a bad fellow after all. Again Cinnamon, the chairman of this odd meeting, spoke: "I think we must hear from our friend Clove next." The clove cleared his throat and began:

"Far away in an island owned by the Dutch people are many evergreen trees, which have purple flowers on them. It was on one of these that I lived. I grew in the centre of a bud; but I was picked out before it blossomed. My name is a curious one, and comes from the French word 'cloe,' meaning nail. You see they thought with my large head and pointed stem, I looked like a nail."

"Now," said Cinnamon, "let us listen to our neighbor Ginger."

"Well," began Ginger, "I can boast of no high tree nor beautiful island, for I lived on a lowly plant with creeping root stems, large green leaves and pretty flowers on short stalks. I stayed in these stalks until some one found out that I was good for flavoring and also good for medicine. So you see, I am quite useful, if not very ornamental."

All agreed to this and waited for the chairman to speak. After a little he said:

"Friends, you must not think me forward if I tell my life story before my neighbor Allspice, for he has asked to speak last of all. My place was between the trunk of the tree and the rough, outside bark. My bark has to be dried and powdered, or it can be used in sticks; for when the bark is dried it curls up into tight little rolls. And now this is my story and we are all ready for the tale of allspice."

Allspice started thus: "In Jamacia are trees planted in rows, which are called pimento walks. From these trees the fruit is picked before it is ripe and is dried in the sun. As you know I am a brown berry about the size of a pea, and am called 'Allspice,' because I embrace the flavors of three spices, Cinnamon, Clove and Nutmeg. This is all I can tell you, and perhaps it is well, for I am afraid it is time for us to say goodnight."

There was a rustic among the spice boxes and a murmur of assent ran among the shelves. Then all was silence again in the grocery store.—Ex.

THE FAIRIES' GIFT.

Last Christmas Harriet's grandma came over to spend the day. She brought a red silk bag with a big ball of yarn in it, and a shining set of steel knitting needles. They twinkled and glinted at Harriet from the top of the bag, as it hung in the sun on the tall post of grandma's chair.

"Dear me!" sighed Harriet. "I am sure grandma means them for me. Hateful things! It makes me tired to look at them!"

"Yes, dear, it is for you," said grandma, as she saw Harriet looking at the bag. "You know your tenth birthday will come pretty soon."

"Just the same as Gen. Washington's, grandma!" cried Harriet, eagerly, thinking of a present she would like very much on that day. "But he did not have to knit."

"He did his duty, whatever it was, dear," said grandma, kindly; "and it is yours to learn to be useful and help mamma knit and sew."

"Would it not be nice, grandma, if the fairies could bring our stockings and frocks all sewed and knit?"

Grandma laughed. "No, no, my dear! That would never do. But I believe in fairies, too; and, if you take hold and knit this yarn into a pair of stockings for yourself,—there is just enough,—these fairies I am thinking of will bring you something that you want very much."

"Are you sure, grandma?" queried Harriet. "Certain and true? But how can they, grandma? Tell me how," insisted Harriet.

"You will see." And grandma's eyes twinkled merrily.

A stocking was "set up," and the nimble fingers began their long journey, "click, click!" The needles seemed to chuckle at the little girl's distress; and Harriet was almost tempted to throw her stocking, ball and all, into the well at the barn. Only the thought of the fairies kept her fingers going.

At the end of a month grandma "toed-off" the first stocking. Then the ball began to dwindle very fast, and the two bad, anxious wrinkles above Harriet's nose began to dwindle, too, till, finally, on her birthday, there was but little left of either. She took the bag on her arm, and went over to grandma's for another "toeing-off."

Grandma was knitting a double mitten before the fire, and Harriet brought her little chair up to grandma's knee. Away went their needles,—click, click, clatter, clatter! The flames leaped and danced, the coals snapped, the teakettle sang a tune. All at once there was a "chink" in Harriet's lap. With a shout, the little girl hopped out of her chair, and went dancing about the kitchen, holding high in her hand a tiny gold locket and a slender gold chain.

"And to think, grandma, 'twas right in the middle of my ball all the time!" cried Harriet. "But you said the fairies would bring it, grandma."

"So they did, dear," laughed grandma, spreading Harriet's brown fingers on her knee. "See, here they are! And these ten little fairies will work greater wonders, if you will let them, than all the fairies in a whole shopful of story-books."

"Just my own fingers, after all!" thought Harriet, as she ran over the snow toward home, her red silk bag swinging on her arm, and her "fairy" gift about her throat.—Our Little Ones.

THE THREE OLD LADIES.

There was an old lady all dressed in silk,
Who lived upon lemons and buttermilk;
And, thinking this world was a sour old place,
She carried its acid all over her face.

Another old lady all dressed in patches,
Lived upon nothing but lucifer matches;
So the world it made her strangle and cough,
And sure as you rubbed her you set her off.

Another old lady, all sunny and neat,
Who lived upon sugar, and everything sweet
Exclaimed, when she heard of their troubles, "I never!
For the world is so nice I could live on forever."

Now children, take your choice
Of the food your hearts shall eat;
There are sourish thoughts, and brimstone thoughts,
And thoughts all good and sweet;

And whatever the heart feeds on
Dear children, trust to me,
Is precisely what this queer old world
Will seem to you to be.—Mary Mapes Dodge.

WAIT.

We know that we must wait for the seed to grow. Impatience will not hasten the harvest. We must wait for the bird to come out of the egg. It will do no good to break the egg before the time. We must wait for the sun to rise. It may seem to the impatient and weary soul that the day will never dawn. But wait for the morning.

The Sunday school teacher must learn to wait for the fruit of his toil. The process may be slow. Children are heedless and often indifferent and even wayward. But plant the seed of truth in the youthful mind, and wait. Be not discouraged.

The minister must wait for the results of his ministry. He may have a hard field. There are hard fields in every place. But our Lord had a harder field. Paul had harder fields than any we are sent to cultivate. But he had long patience. Weary, discouraged, doubting minister, be of good cheer. No good seed shall be sown in vain. Thy labor is not in vain in the Lord, wait.

Disciples of Christ must wait for the dawn of a better day. The shadows are deep and the glory seems far away. But the world is moving, the kingdom of God is extending, the shadows are fleeing. Science is helping to drive back the shadows and set the people free. There is light all round the sky. The

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"Is Miss Brown in?"

Maid—"No, Professor."

"But I saw her at the window."

"Yes, and she saw you."—Fligende Blaetter.

Nurse—"Yes, Johnny, the doctor brought twins."

Johnny—"Gee! That's what we get for having a specialist!"—Fun.

The Lawyer: "Are you acquainted with any of the men on the jury?"

The Witness: "Yes, sir; more than half of them."

The Witness: "Say, if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together."

A church organist, who is proud of the title "Mus. Doc." after his name, was stopped by Jimmy, aged five-and-half.

"Yes, my boy," said the man of melody, "what d'you want?"

"Please, sir, aren't you a Doctor of Music?"

"Yes, my boy."

Well, Billy 'ere has bent his tin trumpet. Can yer put it straight, please?"—Church Life.

"Why did you and that young minister quarrel?" asked the friend.

"He was nice enough in many ways, but he was so horribly jealous and unfair," says the fair damsel to whom the young divine had been paying serious attention.

"Jealous, perhaps—and naturally," smiles the friend. "But unfair."

"Yes. Every time I would make an engagement for a moonlight walk or an afternoon stroll with some other man he would pray for rain."—Chicago Post.

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